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# Poems

BY

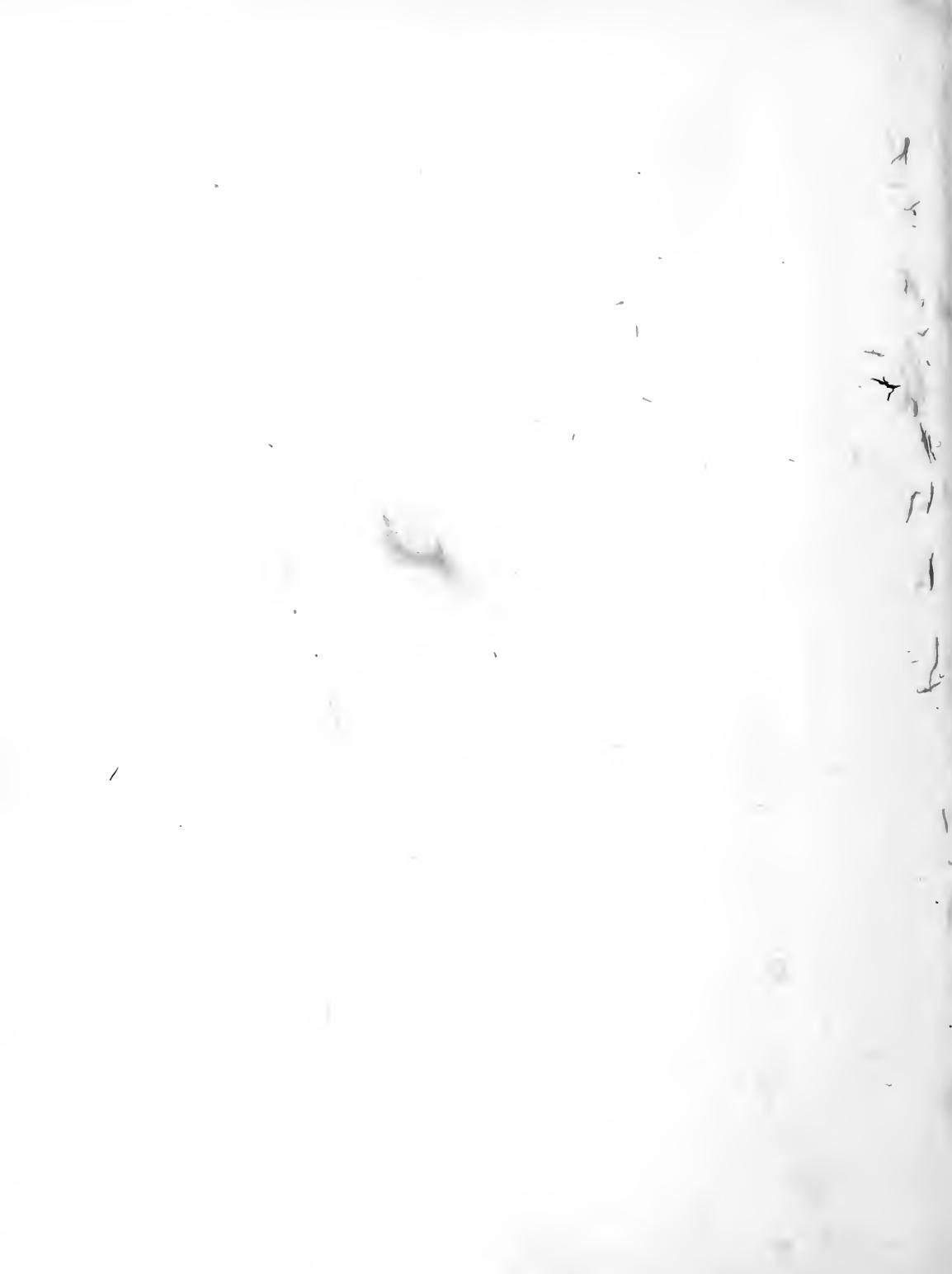
JAMES BROWN.

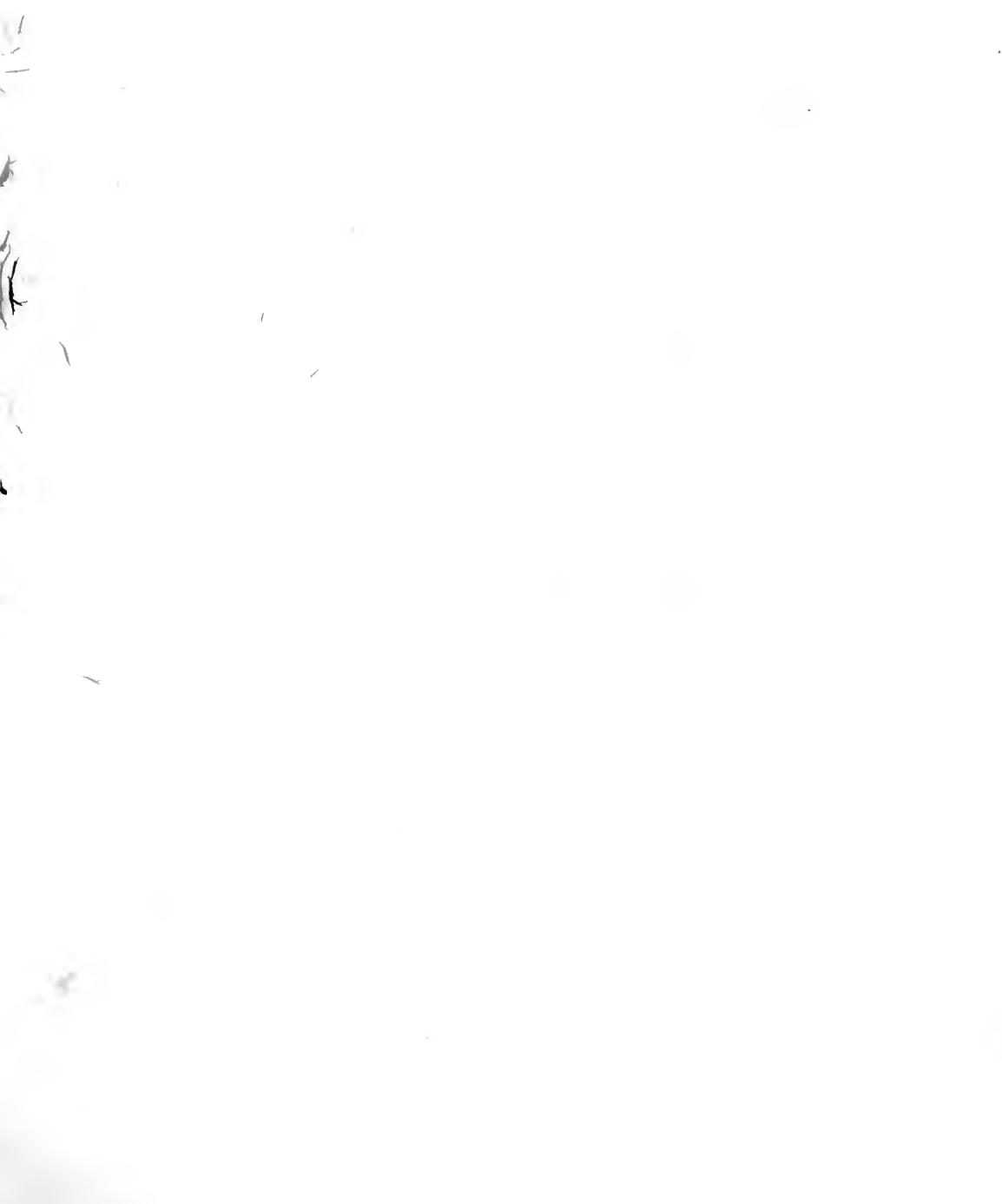




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# POEMS, SONGS, & RECITATIONS

IN THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

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BY JAMES BROWN,  
WIGAN.

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WIGAN :  
PRINTED BY R. PLATT, 2, STANDISHGATE,  
1881.



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BOSTON  
1881

To

*The Rt. Honble. the Earl of Crawford & Balcarres,*

*Lord Lindsay,*

*&c.*

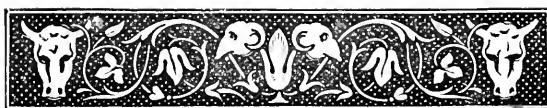
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## LANCASHIRE POEMS.



NEAW PEGGY DUNNOD TAWK THAD  
WA."

**N**EAW Peggy lass id winnod do,  
For thee to tawk thad way ;  
Id welly breks mi hert i' two,  
Do howd thi din aw pray ;  
Whod ever arto thinkin on ?  
Heaw conto serv mi so ?  
Hav'no aw bin a faithfu mon ?  
Just ax thi brother Joe.

Ween nod mich brass owd luv thads troo,  
 Bud then wi toime un care ;  
 Iv thee un me together poo,  
 Wi' may hev un to spare.  
 Aw dunnod think ud wi shall be  
 Loike sum fooak, clemmed un cowd ;  
 Becose awst gi' mi wage to thee,  
 For't cheer us wen we're owd.

Cum Peggy neaw, un led's ged wed,  
 Tha'll never roo aw know ;  
 Un iv ween meawths sent to bi fed,  
 Aw'll wark hard for um o',  
 No deawt wi shall hev two or three,  
 For't feed besoide eawr own ;  
 Still never moind aw shannod spree,  
 Bud cum reet whoam upth' lone.

Best thing owd derlin wi con do,  
 Ist' help each other on ;  
 A looad is leeter borne bi two,  
 Nor wen its borne wi one.  
 Trouble may cum wi connod tell,  
 Id plagues boooth hee un low ;  
 Bud iv aw con feight throo' misel,  
 Aw'll nod hurt thee ud o'.

Un iv we're poor we'll nod lament,  
Nor envy nobrey's lot;  
Bud pray ud peace un sweet content,  
May dwell within eawr cot.  
Then wen loife's struggles here are o'er,  
Aw hope wi o' mi hert,  
Ud wi mun meet on thad breet shore,  
Wheer gud fooak never pert.

Well John, aw loike o' uds bin sed,  
To me this very neet;  
So neaw aw'll promise to bi wed,  
Un mak thy sad hert leet.  
Pudth' axins up to morn mi lad,  
There's nowt ul be amiss.  
Aw will mi lass un bi reet glad,  
Lets seeal id wi a kiss.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO WIGAN  
(JUNE, 1873).

AVIN' a bit o' leighshire toime,  
Aw'll just sit deawn an' pen a rhoime,  
 Abeawt that greight hospishus day  
 Which Wiggin shortly will display.

On th' third o' June aw understand,  
 Th' owd burro' will bi deckd' quoite grand,  
 An nowt bud reet, for on that day,  
 A Royal pair will visit Haigh.

Wheer eawr respected Earl, aw know,  
 Will on their Highnesses bestow,  
 Thoose good things money con procure,  
 To mak' their happiness secure.

Yo' should see th' vast preparashuns,  
 Up ud th' Ho an' throo th' plantashuns ;  
 Besides the noble House o' Haigh,  
 Will feast some hundreds on thad day.

Leds cheer booath Lord an' Lady C.,  
 For helpin' on th' Infirmary ;  
 Their koindly akshuns, awve no deawt,  
 Hav' browt this grand event abeawt.

Becose, wi me yo'll o agree,  
Thad they invoited Royalty,  
Afther th' Wiggia Corporashun  
Had sent up their depitashun.

Awm shure eawr wealthy worthy Mayor \*  
Every good thing will prepare,  
For th' Royal guests, an' th' rest o'th' bunch,  
Thad he intends axin to lunch.

His spred ull boath bi rich an' grand,  
Becose he's money at command ;  
Aw'll bet a shillin' to a groat  
He's cash enough to sink a boat.

Awm gradely glad thad Mesther Simm  
Eawr able chief, ull dine wi him ;  
His wurship's very koind indeed,  
For thus invitin' him to feed.

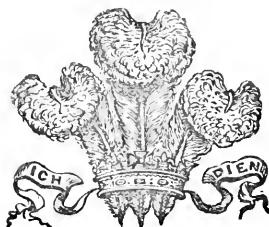
Moi word, ther'll be a bonny stur,  
Foak lookin' eawt ud every dur ;  
Greight multytudes ull sheawt an' sing  
For th' Prince o' Wales, eawr futer King.

May He who guverns up abuv,  
Breathe on the Royal pair His luv,  
An' send th' owd sun to shed his rays,  
Throoeawt eawr land on thoose three days.

\* N. Eckersley, Esq., J.P.

Iv we're bless'd wi pleasant weather,  
Led ns o' unoite together,  
An' thank th' Creater uv eawr frame,  
For koindly sendin' us the same.

So, neaw, aw'll bid yo o' adew,  
Aw think awve written loines enoo,  
An' afther th' busy stur is o'er,  
Iv awve spare toime, aw'll tell yo more.



TH' HAIGH HO' BANQUET AN' TH'  
WIGGIN DECORASHUNS.

**A**w sed last wick, wen th' stur wur o'er,  
Iv aw'd spare toime, aw'd tell yo more ;  
So while awve nothin' else to do,  
Aw'll tak' mi pen an' buckle to.

Fust thing just let mi tel yo o',  
Aw're axt to th' banquet ud Haigh Ho ;  
An' raly, foak, beawt ony puff,  
Aw never tasted better stuff.

Th' tables wur spred so rich an' foine,  
Aw felt aw're cuttin' quoite a shoine,  
An' lots besoide aw soon could name,  
Ud very loikly felt the same.

One thing aw'll say, an' thads not two,  
We'd o' a reglar jolly do ;  
An' whod wur th' best, aw yerd th' Earl say,  
" Awm glad to meet yo here to-day."

Yo connod tell heaw quare aw went  
Wen th' Lord an' th' Lady coom i'th' tent,  
An' stood so very close to me,  
I'th' front o' Mesther Majendie.

Who ably o'er us did presoide,  
 An' spoke koind words on every side ;  
 Aw end no' help but often gaze  
 Upon his pleasant smoilin' face.

A word for th' Genral, then aw've done,  
 Becose, yo know, aw mon pass on,  
 Or else aw never shall get throo  
 Whod awm intendin' for to do.

They're lots o' foak thad day i'th' place  
 Reet glad to see his gallant face ;  
 Let's hope he'll live long to command  
 His army in a foreign land.

Neaw, awm off throo th' Haigh plantashuns  
 For t' see Wiggin decorashuns ;  
 An' as aw pass the streets aw'll view,  
 An' render praise wheer id is due.

Aw'll stert at top o'th' Standishgate,  
 There's Mesther Leigh's heawse looks fust-rate  
 Then th' Royal Oak an' th' Scarisbrick Arms,  
 Hav' booath little bits o' charms.

Hilton, Dean, an' Pendlebury,  
 Each hav' drest their place quoite merry ;  
 Birkett, wi' Evans an' McClure,  
 Had been busy aw feel quoite sure.

Taylor, Entwistle, Platt, an' th' Bank,  
Will each among the others rank ;  
An' Mesther Whitfield's done his share,  
Theerfore aw'll use each perty fair.

Messrs. Coop, wi' th' Meek's also,  
Hey' made their places quoite a show ;  
Wheer tother's one thank, gi' these two,  
Or else they'll never ged their due.

Hesketh, at th' Minorca Hotel,  
Has made his place look pretty well ;  
An' Mrs. Fogg, across the street,  
Has also made the Clarence neat.

Th' proprietors o'th' District Bank,  
Deserve a rare good thumpin' thank,  
For their grand illuminashuns,  
Which hav' caused greight preparashuns.

There's Gregson, Duff, an' eawr Teawn Clerk,  
Each fixt things up to shoine wen derk ;  
No deawt these parties did their best,  
An' deserve praise just same as th' rest.

Jim Hilton, Cookson, an' th' Beehive,  
Hav' made their shops look o' alive ;  
Raly foak, they're aw three pretty,  
An' noice enoof for Lunnon city.

Th' last two places are Gee an' Wright,  
Each one presents a splendid sight ;  
Aw welly dust bet yo' a creawn,  
These two are th' best i' Wiggin teawn.

So neaw id's toime for me to stop,  
Or yo'll nod foind these lines a shop ;  
Wen awve coed ud th' Exhibishun,  
Yo' shall have a third edishun.

Iv awve forgotten two or three,  
Aw hope yo'll koindly excuse me ;  
An' should this piece be incorrect,  
Remember this— no one's perfect.



## A VISIT TO TH' EXHIBISHUN.

LAST Monday neet, just afther tay,  
Aw bang'd reet off tort Wiggin way,  
An' paid a shillin' for admishun,  
Into eawr grand Exhibishun.

Next thing aw bowt a book at th' dur,  
An' paid th' chap sixpence beawt demur,  
Becose yo mit as weel keep eawt  
As goo i sich loike places beawt.

Then off aw seet throo th' bottom room,  
Wheer Peck an' Sons fix't up their loom ;  
An' scores o things wur to be seen,  
Includin' thoose thad workt bi steam.

Th' best thing thad did my fancy tak'  
Wur th' engine made bi Tummus Brack,  
A cliver mon, as yo' will see,  
An' works for th' Top Place Company.

Greight praise is due, each one will say,  
Thad does this specimun survey ;  
It shows boath yung an' owd loikewoise,  
Wot con bi done by enterproise.

Other models wur theer on view,  
From Pemberton, Whoite Moss, an' Crewe,  
Which aw thowt lookt very fair ;  
Still, th' best would not wi Brack's compare.

George Hoskin's lad wen but eighteen,  
Made two engines thad workt by steam ;  
These also stood upon a stage,  
An' lookt fust-rate for one his age.

Next, Peter Johnson, sent a stock,  
O' baw's turnt eawt o' solid block ;  
Wich specimuns aw thowt wur good,  
Altho' formt eawt o' nowt but wood.

Then other friends sent models too ;  
Aw think aw'd betther name a few ;  
Theerfore iv yo'll giv' attenshun,  
A toothrey on 'em aw will menshun.

Tom Yates, ith Scows, an engine sent,  
Wich to dispose of he was bent :  
An' George Roby wi' John Wilcock,  
Each added one also to th' stock.

The Wigan Coal and Iron Co.,  
Showed an attracktive one also ;  
Made from Crawford Pits, one an' two,  
An' fitted up complete o' throo.

Rideawt, fro Standish Papper Mill,  
Exhibited some works of skill ;  
One, a gauge for measurin plate,  
An' lots besoide aw could relate.

N. Eckersley, thad good owd name,  
Subscroibed a little throstle frame ;  
A piece o' work wich aw've no deawt,  
His koind feyther thowt mich abeawt.

Littler, an' Wilkinson also,  
Hav' each sent models for to show ;  
And Brothers Coupe, of Worsley Mesnes,  
Some good work sent fort spred their names.

The Pepper Mill Brass Foundry Co.,  
Wurnod for bein' done ud o' ;  
Ther case o' brass lookt very noice,  
An' would hav' fotched a greight hec proice.

Messrs. Rowland an' Makinson,  
Hav' done as mich as ony one ;  
If aw wur wuth wot these two sent  
Aw'd spend six months on th' continent.

In a corner wich aw did pass,  
A mon wur busy blowin' glass ;  
Into ornayments wi a leet,  
Wich process aw thowt quite a treat.

Rooms one an' two lookt very foine,  
 Wheer aw see Tasker's foreign coin ;  
 An' o' thoose other noice things too,  
 Wich Shortrede's lady had on view.

Next reawm to these it fairly swarms,  
 Wi pistols, guns, an' other arms ;  
 Wich things aw dunnot care abeawt,  
 Tho they're useful sometoimes no deawt.

Eh, wot picturs ther wur on view,  
 They filled two rooms an' th' staircase too ;  
 Th' mooast of wich aw think com from  
 Th' Earl o' Derby an' John Thom.

T. P. Stuart an' Edward Scott,  
 Koindly sent a numerous lot ;  
 An' Holt shows one by T. R. Lowe,  
 Wich is worthy of note also.

Lord Lindsay nearly fills a room,  
 Wi' things belongin' th' sun an moon ;  
 Ony that does these understand,  
 Witheawt a deawt will say they're grand.

Tho' awve plenty i' mi yed,  
Aw'd better stop, enoof's bin sed ;  
Iv aw wur't tell yo wot aw know,  
Yoar papper wud na howd it o'.

So neaw mi pertin' words shall be,  
Success to eawr Infirmary ;  
An' may it prove a place o' rest,  
Unto the helpless and distrest.



LINES ON A VISIT TO A FRIEND  
AT BURSCOUGH.\*

WD friend ! aw never shal forged,  
 Mi trip last new yer's day ;  
 To thy grand heawse wheer things wur spread,  
 So plentiful an' gay.

Awve eo'd on friends, ay' mony o score,  
 Bud never hav' aw met ;  
 Wi one uds trayted me afore,  
 Loike thee an' thy owd pet.

I'd fill'd mi hert brimful o' glee,  
 To meet wi sich glad cheer ;  
 A mon loike thee shud never dee,  
 Bud live on yer bi yer.

God bless thi lad, an' th' woife also,  
 Loikewise thi childer too' ;  
 May health an' peace attend yo' o,  
 Whoile th' world tha travels throo.

Tha's risked thi loife o'er th' stormy seas,  
 An' met wi rare success ,  
 Throo sellin' bacon, lard, an' cheese,  
 Greight wealth tha does possess.

\* Henry Ellis, Esq.

Aw know tha's mony o' theawsand peawnd  
An' wish tha'd ten toimes more ;  
Then tha could buy a lump o' greawnd,  
For thee an' me t' shoot o'er.

Thoose friends o' thoine shud come agen,  
We'd hav' some jolly fun ;  
Aw know they'd grin for t' see two men,  
Loike us wi each a gun.

Becose aw connod shoot a bit  
An' happily tha'd bith same ;  
They'd soon tell me aw wurnod fit  
For ony sich loike game.

Bud then whods use, aw shudno care,  
A rap chus whod they said ;  
Iv tha knock'd o'er a brid or hare,  
On which aw could be fed.

Aw watch'd thi oft thad afternoon,  
Tha look'd so merry lad ;  
When Lathom band play'd eawt a tune,  
I'd made me doance loike mad.

Bud wurnd aw vex'd to hear some thief,  
Had crept i'th heawse throo th' fowd ;  
And stole a greight big lump o' beef,  
So darin an' so bowd.

Aw wish aw'd bin at back o'th dur,  
Wen he wur gooin eawt,  
For t' just giv him a run bar purr,  
Or else a rattlin cleawt.

Still never moind chap isno' free,  
Although he geet away ;  
There's one abuv thad trick did see,  
He'll hav' to face some day.

So neaw aw'll close this bit oth lay,  
An' hope tha'll hav' mi o'er ;  
Ud Mount Pellier on new yer's day,  
Eighteen seventy-four.



COMPOSED FOR A BIRTHDAY  
CELEBRATION AT HINDEY.

**F**RIEND Shuttlewoth some toime ago,  
Axt me for't just giv' him a co';  
On th' day wen his adopted son,  
Attaint the age ov twenty-one.

I thankt him for the invitashun,  
To the birthday celebrashun,  
An seein' his moind wur fermly bent,  
Aw reddily did giv' konsent.

Th' woife sed same neet aw're easy led,  
Aye lass, ur aw should ne'er bin wed;  
Moi wurd wen aw sed that to hur,  
Hoo did kick up a bonny stur.

But 'twur no use aw didn't care,  
Yo mon let wimmen tawk ther share;  
Its foolishness to be yed strung,  
Yo connot stop a woman's tung.

Neaw ladies, bless yo, do excuse,  
Aw've noan cum heere yo to abuse;  
Nor ony unkoind wurd to say,  
On J. H. Shuttleworth's bur'thday.

We've met togethur at this place,  
Eawr good friend's table for to grace ;  
Theerfore let peace un luv aboide,  
Whoile over us he does presoide.

An' as aw've bin invoited heere,  
Aw'll do mi best to cause sum cheer,  
An my friend Scaife ul mak yo grin,  
Besoide playin' on th' violin.

He acts a quack doctor fust rate,  
Iv yoan noan yerd him its a trayte ;  
The characters he plays so well,  
That few ith loine con him excel.

We've also getten Mesthur Pass,  
Whoa understands musiek fust class ;  
Awm towd he leeads a foine string band,  
Which few con equal in the land.

Aw've never yerd him play mi'sel,  
Tho' awm informt he con do well ;  
Aw see hees browt an instrument,  
On which to play is his intent.

A wurd or two an' then aw've done,  
To eawr good host's adopted son ;  
Whoa aw wur towd the other day,  
Had proved to him a constant stay.

May he liv' for yers to come,  
An' in the same eourse still keep on ;  
Not forgettin' wen gainin' gowd,  
His foster parents wen they're owd.

Awm towd, but whether its true or no,  
He's keepin' company wi Miss Lowe ;  
An' moor nor that aw've yerd it sed,  
It'll noan be lung afore they're wed.

Wen th' day arroives friends, aw've no deawt,  
Thoose whoa live heere will clear eawt ;  
An' let the luvin' bride step in,  
Hur change ov loife for to begin.

Lets hope 'twill be a happy one,  
And that ere lung she'll hav' a son ;  
Or else a pratty dowter dear,  
Then wi con howd a kessunin' hecre.

Aw wish um booath health, wealth, an' peace,  
Until ther wurldly laburs cease,  
An' wen their race on earth is o'er,  
Lets hope they'll meet to part no more.



COMPOSED AND RECITED AT THE  
OPENING OF  
INCE SUBSCRIPTION BOWLING GREEN.

**F**RIEND Percy axt me some toime back,  
A toothrey Lancashire loines to mak  
Fort' giv' at th' openin' of eawr green,  
One o'th' bigst ut ever wur seen.

So if yo'll listen for a whoile,  
Aw'll neaw attempt i' merry stoile ;  
Some little matters to relate,  
Which deawtless yo'll appreciate.

One neet four men together met,  
An' whoile they o'er ther glasses set,  
A noble thowt popt in one's yed,  
An' thus to tother three he sed.

Let's goo in for a bowin' green,—  
Apert from th' public-heawse, aw mean,  
In order that the werk'in' class,  
May meet and play beawt spendin' brass.

To which they quickly did agree,  
An' coed a meetin' at once throo me,  
On the ninth ov last December,  
Which some ov yo' no deawt remember.

'Twas in an office, koindly lent,  
By eawr respected president,  
Wen officers wur fixt upon,  
To carry the worthy prodgekt on.

An' raly, friends, aw mon confess,  
Ther work's bin creawnt wi' rare success ;  
Greight praise to um is surely due,  
For th' manner they've carried their object throo.

Some hav' laburt hard aw know,  
But then one connot think ov o ;  
R. Christopher, an' Nixon too  
Hav' perform't abuv ther due.

Then Percy, wi Holden as well,  
Hav' done far more than aw con tell ;  
But Halliwell wur late at th' start,  
An's not had toime to do his part.

Besides awm tow'd he couldn't get bricks,  
Which placed him in a regular fix ;  
Heawever friends, whoile sittin' here,  
Just give these five a herty cheer.

We've also had friends far un woide,  
Sendin' money on every soide ;  
These are entitled to greight praise,  
For helpin' us eawr funds to raise.

An' iv yo'll koindly giv' attenshun,  
 One or two aw'll try to menshun ;  
 Keepin' back lots who've given foive peawnds,  
 Then yo'll get sooner on the play greawnds.

Lord Crawford awm very glad to say,  
 Has promist twenty-foive peawnds to-day ;  
 A similar sum's bin gien also,  
 By the Wiggin Coal un Iron Co.

\*Eawr president next yo'll understand,  
 Subscribed wi a liberal hond ;  
 A sum aw loike to tell agen,  
 Becose its hondsome, ten peawnds ten.

Lord Lindsay an' Majendie, M.P.,  
 Sent foive peawnds each as yo' will see ;  
 On reference to this little book,  
 If ony one's incloint to look.

W. H. Hewlett's given the same,  
 An' Bryham, a minin' engineer of fame ;  
 Wi Peace eawr company's law protectur,  
 An' J. T. Fitzadam, a directur.

Also two more which aw shall name,  
 Whoa koindly subscoibed the same ;  
 Charles Parker, Esq., of Lunnon teawn,  
 An' Williams, coal ageants of reneawn.

Alfred Hewlett, Esq., J.P.

Others hav' sent foive peawnds each too,  
But as they're not well known to you,  
An' this bein' eawr openin' day,  
Aw'll name no more, yo'll want to play.

So neaw, i' biddin' yo' adew.  
Mi partin' words shall be to you,  
Let peace an' friendship ever abound  
Both on the green and quoitin' ground.

By doin' so we shall gain friends,  
Who will assist to meet cawr ends,  
And abuv o', to close this rhoime,  
Never bowl in yoar employer's toime.



COMPOSED AND RECITED AT AN  
ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE FUNDS  
OF PENNINGTON GREEN CRICKET CLUB,  
ASPULL.

**L**ADIES an' gentlemen, iv yo'll just giv' attenshun  
A few simple lines aw'll neaw try to menshun ;  
Koncernin' this Cricket Club, which yo' mun know,  
For th' want o' sum funds ar' just neaw very low.

Ith' fust place their greawnd's noan fit to play on,  
Theerfore let us render some help iv wi' con ;  
They'll feel gradely glad iv its only a bit,  
'Cose aw know ev'ry member is anxious to flit.

There's lotso' good greawnd abeawt Pennington Green  
Belungs to a mon who aw know is'nt mean ;  
Friend Beazer, no deawt would, iv axt very nice,  
Do his best for to get um some at a low price,

From Mesthur R. Leigh, who wi liberal hand,  
Has given for ever a portion o' land ;  
Wheeron a new church will soon be erected,  
For which he deserves to be highly respected.

An' aw think wen he's towd these yung lads are o' poor  
He'll oppen his hert an' do a bit moor,  
Toart helpin' forward that excellent game,  
Which is played far an' wide bi men ov greight fame.

Aw've belunged to Haigh Club for twelve yers iv  
not moor,  
Though aw've done nothin' mich beside umpire an  
scoor;  
George Holme neaw an' then's put mi deawn in a  
match,  
Still he knew o'th' same time aw could do nowt but  
catch.

Heawever, Albert Holker says my owdest son,  
For his good play this season a proize bat has won;  
Although in th' last match he had very bad luck,  
As yo'd see he was bowled by Bill Bird for a duck.

Notwithstondin', th' club's efforts awm glad to confess,  
Have met wi' a very fair share of success;  
Becose friends, so sure as aw stond here aloive  
Eawt ov fifteen good matches they've only lost foive.

Theerfore, yo'll admit they're entitled to praise,  
Instead ov which let us endeavour to raise,  
A sum which will pay when th' next season comes  
reawnd,  
For what's badly wanted—a fresh piece o' greawnd.

Their very best thanks are awready due,  
 To every manager belongin' this schoo' ;  
 Which aw understand has koindly bin lent,  
 Until they are able to get a new tent.

They're greatly indebted to Jim Gibson also,  
 For his koindness in lendin' this grand piano ;  
 An' Harry Whittaker's sent some refreshments for  
 nowt,  
 Otherwise dun yo' see they'd hev had to bin bowt.

For sich wermherted friends in these toimes of greight  
 need,  
 Ev'ry member's occashun to feel preawd indeed ;  
 An' aw think there are moor abeawt here o'th' same  
 sort,  
 Ut only want axin' to help on their sport.

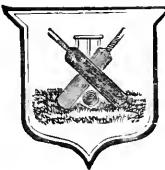
Mesthur John Leigh, up at Gidlow Ho'  
 Is a noice little mon, which lots on yo' know ;  
 An' as awd some tickets gan me for to sell,  
 Aw coed tother neet an geet on very well.

John Seddon, Esq., is a daycent sort too,  
 He awlus supports me wen aw get up a doo ;  
 "The Firs" wur th' fust place at which aw did co',  
 An' what tickets he purchast th' committee weel know.

Messrs. Beazer an' Gilroy this season aw foind,  
Have subscribed each a guinea, which shows they are  
koind ;  
An' the Rev. R. Walmsley, awm happy to tell,  
Has sent in a handsome donation as well.

An' last, tho' not th' least is Mesthur R. Platt,  
Whoa's dun mi o'th printin' an chargt nowt for that  
Every member, awm sure, ull be glad wen aw say,  
For this grand entertainment they've nothin' to pay.

So neaw folks aw think its quite toime for to stop,  
An' let th' next performer step into mi shop ;  
Becose there's a lengthy programme to get throo,  
Theerfore aw'll retire and bid yo' adew.



LINES COMPOSED AND RECITED  
FOR THE JUVENILE MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN THE  
BAPTIST BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, NEW SPRINGS, ASPULL, ON  
JANUARY 20TH, 1879.

NOW all you little boys and girls,  
Attention pay to me ;  
And I will tell you what to do,  
For our Society.

First, those of you who've signed the pledge,  
Pray to the Lord your friend ;  
For strength that you may keep the same,  
Henceforth unto the end.

Each one of you may then expect,  
Assistance from above ;  
Because He's promised to help all,  
Who ask in faith and love.

Next, try to get your little friends,  
These meetings to attend ;  
And help the New Springs Temperance Branch,  
Its good work to extend.

We want the young especially,  
To join our happy band,  
That with their efforts we may bring,  
The drink trade to a stand.

Although our meetings are but small,  
And members rather few ;  
Let's hope that God will bless the work,  
We've now engaged to do.

The movement is a worthy one,  
You'll readily confess ;  
Therefore I want each one to try,  
And make it a success.

It has been done in other towns,  
And why not at New Springs ?  
My dear friends, is it not time—  
To change the state of things ?

Just look around and you will see,  
Much sad and sore distress ;  
Still public houses do increase,  
Oh ! would that they were less.

'Twas only yesterday I saw,  
While walking down Cale Lane ;  
A notice fixed upon a door,  
Which told me very plain,

An application would be made  
In a fortnight or so ;  
For another out-door license,  
And 'twill be got also.

New spirit vaults are being made,  
In country and in town ;  
I wish our high authorities,  
Would put such places down.

Thousands are dressed in rags to-day,  
And sadly short of bread ;  
Who might had they but kept off drink,  
Been better clothed and fed.

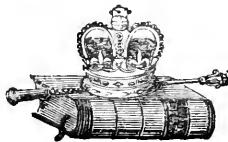
Great praise is due to Mr. James,  
I'm sure you'll all admit ;  
For thus commencing this grand cause,  
That we might benefit.

He's labour'd hard day after day,  
This object to attain ;  
Then let us help him all we can,  
Because its for our gain.

John Christopher you'll understand,  
Deserves our thanks as well ;  
For all his able services,  
Which few men could excel.

Really friends I cannot tell,  
Whatever we should do ;  
Did he not come and kindly help,  
This new work to get through.

So now my little folks farewell,  
Perhaps some future time ;  
I may write you a piece again,  
When we've got more to sign.



## A TORY SONG.

FOR THE WIGAN PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION, 1880.

*Tune—“When Johnny comes marching home.”*

**N**EAW lads, wen yo' begin to feight,—beware!  
**E**were !

Think what was done i' Sixty-eight, unfair ! unfair !  
 Deawn 'ith pits bi a well known mon,  
 Just for th' sake of his brother John,  
 Who upset eawr Tory men on the votin' day.

Boath Lancaster and Woods wur sent— thro' that !  
 thro' that !

Eawr good owd teawn to represent—an sat ! an sat !  
 Until Eighteen-seventy-four,  
 Wen two stanch Tories wur sent o'er,  
 Wich made the Radikils look pale, as they went  
 merchin home.

Lindsay an' Knowles ar' worthy men ; an' true ! an  
 true !

If yo' don't send 'em back agen—yo'll rue ! yo'll rue  
 So from this moment knock abeawt,  
 Vote for th' Tories an' keep th' Whigs eawt ;  
 Then we'll sing gay wen Johnny goes marchin' 'ome.

They ar' the men to hav' a place—becose ! becose !  
Thro' um we've means eawr meight to raise--an'  
clothes ! an' clothes !

While t'other two aw'll bet a creawn,  
Spend hardly owt for th' good o'th' teawn ;  
These ar' things to ponder o'er afore the polling day.

Kurnel Corquodale con't win—awm sure ! awm sure  
He would look better givin' the tin—to th' poor, to  
th' poor.

One would think th' chap owt to hav' sense  
To keep away an' save th' expense,  
Which he will surely hav' to pay wen the job is o'er.

Do, bless yo lads, bi firm, aw pray—to th' end ! to  
th' end !

So that true blue's may win the day—an' send ! an  
send !

The same two gentlemen once more,  
Yo'll find 'em trusty to the core ;  
An' we'll all sing gay wen the Whigs go merchin'  
home.



## LINES ON A VISIT TO LUNNUN.

**N**EAW foak iv yo'll gi mi a bit o' yoar toime,  
 Aw'll spin a short ditty i' Lankyshur rhoime ;  
 Abeawt th' last wick's visit to Lunnun's big teawn,  
 Wheer things surproist mi as aw rode up an' deawn.

Aw left mi owd derlin' an' th' childer o reet,  
 At a very strange heawr, an' travelt i'th' neet ;  
 Becose iv yo' book to goo bi a chep trip,  
 Yo mun bi theer i' toime or gi some one a tip.

Train started fro Wiggin a bit afore two,  
 An' in a short toime aw wur landed at Crewe ;  
 Wheer lots left ther places refreshments to get,  
 Whoile eawr owd iron hoss his whistle did wet.

Then wi seet off agen an' kept peggin away,  
 Till Staffort wur rowt, wheer sum chaps soakt ther  
 clay ;  
 An' aw cud ha' done wi a bit ov a drain,  
 But cud'nt get sarvt, so aw went back to th' train.

Aw had a wee drop o' stuff in a bottle,  
 An' neaw an' then peawrt a sope deawn i' mi throttle,  
 Just to prevent one fro catchin' a cowd,  
 Wich trav'lers ar' subjekt to wen growin owd.

Aw wur welly done up wen aw geet to th' fur end,  
Wheer aw happent to meet Robert Selkirk, mi' frend ;  
Whoa wur koidly waitin' at th' stashun for me,  
An' sed whoile aw stopped his guest aw mut be.

Wi geet a good breakfast, a wash, an' seet eawt,  
For th' grand Crystal Palace an' lookt reawnd abeawt ;  
It's a wunderful place an' whot aw see theer,  
Aw raly con't tel, but a bit yo shall hear.

Mesther Manns, wur conductin' an orchestra fine,  
Toole actin' an enginememan off the line ;  
Madame Patey, Foli, an' two other hands,  
Wur singin' assisted bi three fust class bands.

Dinnie, the Scotchman sum gud feats did show,  
Aw tawkt to a diver i'th' water below ,  
Th' visitors chuckt coppers in for a little fun ;  
Wen they'd done aw axt him to ston a glass ov rum.

Th' chap know'd very weel aw wanted nowt o'th'  
sooart ;  
Wi wur but simply tawkin' to cause a bit o' spoart ;  
Still aw didn't work for nowt—J. Brooks gi mi a  
book ;  
Iv yo want to see it coe at eawr heawse an look.

Sum four hundred steps aw next climb't iv not more,  
 An' lookt through mi glass the vast landskape o'er ;  
 Then sharply made back i'th' insoide for mi tay,  
 Bowt a few bits o' things an' then left for that day.

Aw turnt eawt o' Tewsday wi' mi hert ful o' glee,  
 To coe on mi koind friend, Lord Lindsay, M.P. ;  
 His heawse is i' Brook-street, an' wen aw knockt at  
     th' door  
 It wur very soon answert bi' Benjamin Moor.

Whoa laft an' then sed cum forward this way,  
 I am certain I've seen your face up at Haigh.  
 His Lordship just then at his breakfast wur sat,  
 So the butler an' me had a bit ov a chat.

Wen breakfast wur o'er he went up to his room,  
 Towd him aw're deawn stairs an' he sent for me soon ;  
 Neaw judge mi surproise wen he shook mi bi'th'  
     hond,  
 An' made mi sit deawn though aw wanted to stond.

Then he said I am glad to see you here, Brown,  
 Is there anything I can do for you in town ;  
 Aw towd him it wud be a rich trayt to me,  
 Iv through th' heawse o' Perliment aw cud get to see.

So he seet deawn an' wrote eawt an order for two,  
'Cose aw towd him James Ashton wud like to look  
through ;  
Here's also another one for Thursday's debate ;  
It's spechully for you Brown, so aw went theer i'  
state.

His Lordship then gi' mi a neat little book,  
A work ov his own yo con coe in an' look.  
He also has written mi name i'th' insoide,  
An' as lung as aw liv' aw shal look on't wi proide.

Aw thankt him koindly for conductin' mi through,  
His fancy workshop durin' mi interview ;  
An' explainin' sum wheels he had recently made,  
Wich no deawbt wud hav' put lots o' fitters i'th'  
shade.

Now, Brown, said his Lordship, what more can I do ?  
Well, mi Lord, aw shud proise yoar likeness, that's  
true ;  
But th' perty whoa keeps em wur eawt on that day,  
So he promist to send mi one over to Haigh.

Mesther Hands, whoa resides up i' Berkley Square,  
An' keeps a respektable hostelry there ;  
Treated mi th' same as iv awd bin his pet,  
Sich koindness as that one shudno forget.

Aw seed sum grand places an' went in a few ;  
 For yoar informashun aw'll name one or two ;  
 The British Museum an' Kensington, too,  
 Ar' wuth onyone's whoile to hav' a peep through.

They chergt mi a bob for admishun to'th' Teawer,  
 Wheer a warder explaint things for welly an heawr ;  
 Abuv one hundred theawsand guns he did say,  
 Wur actily stored i'th' buildin' that day.

Th' Nashunal Gallery's a very noice seet,  
 Its collectshun o' picters afford a rich treat ;  
 An' whot's best ov o' yoan nothin' to pay,  
 So don't miss this shop wen passin' that way.

Through Westminster Abbey an' also St. Paul's,  
 Aw've passed once or twice an' examin't the walls ;  
 Wheer lots o' grand moniments ar' to be seen,  
 Ov brave men who've fowt for ther country an'  
 Queen.

Whoile i'th' grand Cathedral a tanner aw spent,  
 An' abuv' th' whisp'rin gallery made an ascent ;  
 Thinks I to misel' aw'll be a greight mon,  
 An' whoile up at Lunnun see o' as aw con.

Awve not towd yo o', aw cud tel yo sum more,  
 But awm sure yo'll admit it's quite toime to giv o'er ;  
 An' iv ever aw goo i' that querter agen,  
 Aw'll gi' yo' another rough sketch fro mi pen.

LINES ON MY FIRST APPEARANCE  
IN WIGAN.

WEN penny readin's fust begun,  
Aw thowt awd try mi hand ;  
An' use whot talent aw possest,  
Throoeawt mi native land.

Awst ne'er forget th' fust toime aw read,  
I' Wiggin Publick Ho' ;  
An' iv mi memory is correkt ;  
Its sixteen yers ago.

William Hardy read th' same neet,  
An' T. R. Ellis too ;  
They very soon put me i'th' shade,  
Mark ! whot aw say is true.

But then aw ne'er wur sent to th' schoo',  
Eawr foak wur very poor ;  
Mi feyther'd but twelve bob a wick,  
To keep him and six moor.

Some toimes mi mother workt a bit,  
For Hill at th' Standish Ho' ;  
Or else wi never could hav' lived,  
An' paid th' heawse rent an' o.

Ther wur bnt one schoo' near eawr heawse,  
Towt by a Mesthur Price ;  
His son resides i'th' village neaw,  
An' doin' very nice.

Iv awd gone to that grammar skoo',  
An' larnt o'th' subjeks throo',  
Aw shud'nt hav' bin Dick Deadeye neaw—  
Praps th' captain o' some crew.

Heawever foalk aw'll not complain,  
At mi low posishun ;  
Theawsands o' eddykated men,  
Ar' in a wuss condishun.

Wen Ralph Darlington coed o' me,  
To read a funny tale ;  
From th' pen o' my friend Brierley,  
Whoas pieces never fail.

Some young fellows whoa stood at th' dur,  
Begun to laff at me ;  
But after o' aw sarvt um eawt,  
An' that yo'll quickly see.

Afore awd getten hawve way throo',  
Some twenty-foive or six ;  
Kept neaw an' then strikin' th' floor,  
Wi canes an' fancy sticks.

Mi subjekt certainly wur lung,  
An' it had getten late ;  
But th' Cheermon sed ne'er heed um Brown,  
I'm willin' for to wait.

So aw kept on an' read th' piece throo',  
An' aster it wur o'er ;  
Some applause were given to me,  
An' one fop sed onkore.

Mony a chap would ne'er hav' read,  
Another piece agen ;  
But aw're determint to keep on  
An' conquer sich like men.

Thongh aw made a very bad start,  
Success is drawin' near ;  
Its only whot one may expect,  
Iv he'll but persevere.

Two men wur in the theatre,  
Wen aw wur axt to sing ;  
A song which caused the audience,  
To make th' owd buildin' ring.

Eh ! what a different meetin',  
Thoose gentlemen would see ;  
Compared wi that i'th' Publick Ho',  
Wen each one fust yerd me.

In fact one ov um sed th' same neet,  
In the Royal Hotel;  
Your tory song pleased me the best,  
Becose yo did it well.

Drink up an' hav' a glass wi' me,  
My good friend, H. did say;  
For which aw thank't him an' then sed,  
Yes sir, some other day.

So neaw young men wen yo' begin,  
Some useful work, and good,  
Don't be put deawn bi ony one,  
Act loike bowd Robin Hood.



LINES COMPOSED AND GIVEN IN  
  MR. CHARLIE KEITH'S CIRCUS,  
  ON THE EVENING OF HIS BENEFIT.

**L**ADIES an' gentlemen, please excuse,  
My comin' here yo' to amuse,  
Becose aw think that ev'ry mon  
Shud do a good turn wen he con.

No deawt yo'd loike to see Jim Brown  
Act in this circus loike a clown ;  
Wouldn't it be rare fun for you ?  
But that aw don't profess to do.

Friend Keith, one Saturday at noon,  
Axt me i' Mester Best's front room,  
If awd recoite or sing a bit,  
On the night of his benefit.

Yes, wi' my employers' consent,  
Who wouldn't refuse if aw wur bent ;  
After wich aw yerd nowt more  
Till th' last wick's papper wur lookt o'er.

When aw fust read mi name i' print,  
Up th' office steps aw made a sprint,  
To ax mi mesther his advice,  
He allus deals wi me so nice.

Well, he said, you'd best go down,  
Becose you're well known thro' the town,  
An' give a song or recitation  
For the people's delectation.

Aw spoke to Charlie Keith th' same night,  
Who said he thought that all was right,  
Or he wouldn't have used my name ;  
Neaw yo' con choose where lies the blame,

He's on a greight expense, no deawt,  
An' soon may have to clear eawt ;  
Therefore, he's anxious to get gain,  
Whoile i' Wiggin he does remain.

Aw' dunnot wish to do th' chap harm,  
Though someone's made my shop so warm ;  
May success his travels attend,  
Till his circus is at an end.

He eaters weel yo'll o admit,  
An' owt to reap some benefit ;  
Splendid talent he engages,  
Which must cost enormous wages.

His performers are o' clever,  
Some as popular as ever ;  
One or two aw'll try to menshun,  
If yo'll kindly give attenshun.

Madame Gilbert aw loike to see,  
Hoo rides an' acts so gracefulely,  
No matter whether on horse or feet,  
Hur actions are to me a treat.

Aw munnot forget Miss Marguerite,  
Hur stoile o' ridin' suits me quite.  
Especially in that Swiss scene,  
Wich hoo goos throo' so neat an' clean.

George Gilbert does some darin' tricks,  
It's astonishin' heaw th' chap sticks ;  
Whoile the horse is gallopin reawnd  
He jumps straight up on't from the grawnd.

Carter and Doug'las both ride well,  
Wi more whose names aw' connot tell.  
An' Mrs. Keith aw loike to see,  
Who on the tight rope pleases me.

Erno and Onzo's antics please,  
Booath are awhoam on the trapeze ;  
Besidores they're funny lookin' chaps,  
An' keep hittin' each other raps.

Little Lizzie's work aw admire,  
The girl's so young to walk on wire,  
Though her daddy stands by hur side  
Watchin' hur little footsteps glide.

Charlie Keith, yo' mun understand,  
Performs a trick on his right hand  
Which aw've never seen done before,  
Aw coe it swimmin' on the shore.

Each of those three lads are clever,  
There equals, friends, aw've seen never ;  
Would it not be a greight disgrace  
If in my lines they'd not a place ?

Nimse, who acts as Keith's stud groom  
Does his part in another room,  
And judgin' from each horse's state,  
The man acquits himself first-rate.

Bianchi and his splendid band,  
Discourse some fust-class music grand ;  
Therefore aw'll give to them their due,  
Becose whot aw neaw say is true.

There's Chapman, too, plays well his part,  
He seems to have it off by heart,  
Few ringmasters can him excel,  
So neaw aw'll stop an' say farewell,



COMPOSED AND RECITED AT  
LEIGH WORKHOUSE,  
ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL TREAT, GIVEN BY  
J. H. NICHOLS, ESQ., TO THE INMATES,  
JANUARY 1ST, 1881.

**W**ELL foak awm gradely glad to see  
Yo'n bin sar'vt wi a rare good tea,  
Throo a gentlemen aw well know  
God bless him an' his wife also.

Aw once fill'd a situation  
Under him at Wiggin Station;  
He wur th' goods agent at that time  
On the owd North Union line.

A better mester aw ne'er had,  
He never sauced or said owt bad,  
An' wen aw chanced to do owt wrung  
He alns spoke mild wi his tung.

Though twenty yers hav' past an' gone,  
He's here th' fust day i' eighty one;  
Lets hope he'll live o'er twenty moor,  
An' show th' same charity to th' poor.

Its not th' fust time, aw understand,  
That he's stretched forth his lib'ral hand  
In order to provide some cheer  
For o yo' inmates each new year.

His better hawve, aw mun confess,  
Has striven hard an' gain'd success ;  
Wen mon an' wife together poo  
A fortune they deserve that's true.

Aw ne'er thou't afore their marriage,  
They'd keep sich a hoss an' carriage  
As that in wich aw've had a ride  
Fro' Lowton Church Schoo to Parkside.

Wheer his residence, Sandfield Ho,  
Is situated, yo' shud coe !  
Moi word it is a bonny place,  
An' wouldn't a lord or earl disgrace.

Awm sure yo'll o' wi me agree  
He's just th' reet mon for a J.P.,  
As well as guardian of the poor,  
Whoa Lowton foak shud keep secure.

If they dunnot aw deawt they'll rue,  
Becose he's genuine an' true ;  
His splendid treats each newyer's day  
Will bear me eawt in whot aw say.

May peace an' plenty him attend,  
An' blessin's from on high descend  
Upon him an' his worthy wife,  
Throoeawt this sinful mortal life.

An' wen life's battles here are o'er,  
May they both meet to pert no more  
In that breet mansion up abuv,  
Where all is joy, an' peace, an' luv.



## THE PEMBERTON LIBRARY EPISODE.

AW took up yoar papper last wick,  
 A few little bits to glance o'er,  
 An' wurn't aw surprised for to see  
 That meetin' which cawst sich uproar.

An as aw've bin axt bi sum friends  
 To put a few verses i' rhoime  
 Abeawt the disgraceful affair  
 Aw'll do so, though stinted for toime.

Directly the schoo' clock struck seven,  
 H. Widdows geet up to propose  
 That owd fermer Whoite shud tak th' cheor  
 Until the proceedins did close.

Wich sum mon soon jumPt up to secund,  
 His name they coed Yetton, aw think,  
 An' judgin' fro' th' chap's windy talk,  
 Aw guess he'd had summat to drink.

Beawt puttin the moshun to th' meetin'  
 Owd Whoite at once popt into th' chair,  
 Afore Mester Barrett\* arroived,  
 Wich yo mun admit were unfair.

\* Chairman of the Local Board, Pemberton.

The Local Board foak wur axt fust  
A ratepayer's meetin' t' convene,  
Then why not let th' reet un presoide ?  
For shame on yo actin so mean.

Whoite owt to ha' shift o' one soide,  
An gan Mester Barrett his place ;  
Things wud ha' gone far better on,  
Besoides lessenin' th' shame an disgrace.

\*Partington seem'd quite astonish'd,  
An' hardly cud tell whot to do ;  
Whoile Barrett an' o his supporters  
Appeart likewoise in a stew.

†Charnock, fro' Wiggin, spoke eawt plain,  
An' towd 'em regardless o' feor,  
His candid opinion wur,  
That Barrett shud ockipy th' cheor.

Heawever, it o' wur no use,  
They couldn't get owd Whoite to stur ;  
Theerfore, they had no other plan  
But to tak matters just as they wur.

Aw'm towd sum o'th' roughs wur quite fresh,  
Not wi drinkin' hot coffee an' tay,  
But sum nowty stuff wich itseems,  
Droives senses an' rayson away.

\* Clerk of the Local Board.

† Their Lawyer's Clerk.

Neaw, iv the report be o' true,  
 An' there is no occashun to deawt,  
 Why didn't thoose greenhorns ger up,  
 Put their hats on, an' then walk reet eawt?

Heaw con the owd village improve  
 Wi sich stormy meetings as that?  
 Neaw, moind yo iv they dunnot rue  
 Sum day wen it's happen too late.

A big B aw'm glad did attend,  
 Still th' swarm only made twenty-foive;  
 Neaw, whot cud thoose few warkers do  
 Wi' two hundred drones keawrt i'th' hoive?

One little un stuck loike a "Leech,"\*  
 An' browt sum grand matter to bear  
 In order to get the Acts pass'd,  
 But the numskulls, yo see, didn't care.

Heaw cud thoose bad fellows, for shame,  
 That koind little mon to abuse  
 Whoile doin' his utmost to get  
 Each workin' mon's childer chep news?

It shows whot an ignorant lot  
 Wur pack'd into th' schoo'reawm that neet;  
 They cudn't ha' carried on wuss  
 If raly they had bin noan reet.

\* Wm. Leech, Esq., Member of the Local Board.

When Barrett stud up on his feet  
    He spoke loike a sensible chap,  
But ere he had said mony words  
    The cheorman hit him a hard rap.

Mester Alker\* did o' he could,  
    An' made a foine offer besoide,  
Wich aw see they wud not accept.  
    He had to sit deawn an' aboide.

Aw'm glad to see James Moss wur woise,  
    An' wish aw cud say th' same for Bill,  
Becose it hurts me, dun yo see,  
    To tawk o' mi nayburs so ill.

All honour to thoose twenty-foive  
    For tryin to pass a good skame,  
Wich wud hav browt credit to th' parish,  
    Instead o' so very mich blame.

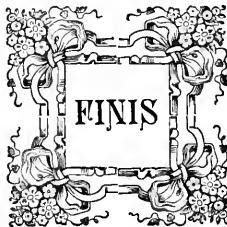
If the Libraries' Acts didn't pass,  
    Aw'm sertin that sum could be made  
Wich wud pleos foak reawnd abeawt here,  
    Th' promoters wud droive a rare trade.

Whot sen yo, lads, shud wi just try  
    To ger up a bit ov a do,  
Aw know one who wud prepare th' piece,  
    An' help us to act a bit too.

\*Edward Alker, Esq., a Member of the Local Board.

Eh ! shudn't wi hav lots o' sport,  
It wud be a capital trick ;  
Aw'll promis' to act Billy Moss,  
An' knock abeawt th' stage wi a stick.

After o', chaps, it wudn't be reet  
To carry the lark quite so far ;  
Then let's hope they'll grow woiser men,  
An' leave matters just as they are.



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